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My Voice

Stephen Kessler

Vicente Aleixandre

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My Voice

I was born one summer night
between two pauses. Speak to me: I'm listening.
I was born. If only you saw what agony
the spiritless moon makes clear.
I was born. Your name was happiness.
Under a brilliance, one hope, one bird.
Arriving, arriving. The sea was a heart beat,
the hollow of a hand, a cool medallion.
Then light is now possible, caresses, skin, the horizon,
that saying of senseless words
that roll like ears, like spiral shells,
like an open lobe dawning
(listen, listen) in the trampled light.

(From *Espadas como labios*, 1932)